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NOVELTY.

HIGHLAND HEROISM:

OR, THE CASTLES OF GLENCOE AND BALLOCH.

GLENCOE Caſtle once ſtood in the moſt wild and uninhabitable parts of the highlands of Scotland. It was ſituated on the ſummit of a rock, the baſe of which was in the ſea, and not more remarkable for [illegible] than its antiquity and Gothic beauties. In it reſided the yet beautiful widow of the valiant Earl of Glencoe, who was ſlain by the treachery of Ancolm, a neighbouring chief, proud, oppreſſive, and revengeful, who dwelt within a ſhort diſtance of the caſtle. Many encounters had taken place between the clans of Glen[illegible] and Balloch, in which the former had generally proved victorious. Ancolm, finding himſelf rivalled in his power by the earl, and limited in his ambition, conceived a deadly revenge for his neighbour, and determined to accompliſh his deſtruction. In the battles which not long after took place, he effected the caption of the earl by a curious manœuvre, and then [illegible]acherouſly ſlew him. The loſs of the chief was the total defeat of his clan, a few of whom only eſcaped to tell the fatal cataſtrophe to Henrietta, his wife. Incapable of retaliation, Henrietta withdrew from the public eye, and devoted her life to domeſtic comforts and the education of her children. One ſon and one daughter were the objects of her care. Allan was in his nineteenth year, and warmly gifted by nature with courage, abilities, and benevolence. Matilda was juſt ſeventeen, and had all the accompliſhments of her ſex, with all the beauty and ſimplicity of youth. After twelve years were paſſed away, Henrietta's grief had ſubſided into a ſullen melancholy. Hitherto her attention had been ſolely directed to the taſk of rearing her children, but other fears and proſpects now roſe in her breaſt. At their age new influences and impreſſions were likely to be received, which would ſtamp their future happineſs or miſery. When Allan underſtood the ſtory of his father's death, his heart glowed to avenge the deed, and the clan who had adored their late chief, was ready to ſecond his endeavours; they had long looked up to the time when the defeat they had incurred ſhould be wiped away by victory, and their beloved earl be revenged. Allan excelled in all the martial exerciſes, and in his amuſements loved to wander in the rude and grand ſcenery, rather than the ſofter landſcape. His mother ſaw the former proweſs of the father riſing to perfection in the ſon, and ſhe impoſed her commands on him not to riſk the laſt of her remaining comforts, by engaging with a hoſtile and inveterate foe. It was in one of thoſe rambles that, having ſtrayed for ſome miles over hills covered with heath, and among the bold outlines of natural and rocky ſcenery, he loſt the path which he had traverſed, and in vain looked for the objects which had directed him. He remained for ſome time in ſilent dread, which was ſoon heightened to a degree of terror not to be endured. He called aloud, and no anſwer was returned. Having wandered ſome time, he came to a narrow paſs, which he entered, overcome with fruitleſs ſearch and fatigue. He had not advanced far, when a chaſm in the rock ſuddenly preſented him with a moſt beautiful and romantic ſpot. It was a valley almoſt ſurrounded by a barrier of wild rocks, through which ran a torrent, that fell from the heights, and ruſhed into a fine lake, which was loſt in the deep recеſſes of the mountains. Herds of cattle [illegible] the bottom, and Allan was once more bleſſed with the ſight of human habitations. He had yet to find a way to the Elyſian vale, and was contemplating the beſt means of getting there, when his attention was once more engaged by a handſome Highland peaſant, who civilly offered to conduct him to his cottage, when he had learned the cauſe of his diſtreſs. Allan accepted his kind offer, and they deſcended the hill through an obſcure and intricate path. They arrived at one of the cottages, which the Earl had obſerved from the height, and Donald preſented his gueſt to a venerable old man, his father. Allan, after reſting himſelf awhile, and partaking of ſome refreſhments, ſpreaſt by the hand of a charming young girl, departed, the young peaſant walking with him as his guide. In their converſation Allan thought he diſcovered a manlineſs of idea, and an energy correſponding with his own. On their way they ſaw at a little diſtance the caſtle of Balloch, which produced a converſation upon the tyranny of its poſſeſſor, and the general diſpoſition of the ſurrounding clans to riſe and puniſh the murderer, if once put into inſurrection. Allan, ſurpriſed at the boldneſs of Donald's expreſſions, and feeling their importance, could not forbear exclaiming, "O my father, by his villany didſt thou fall!" In an inſtant the whole truth flaſhed upon the mind of Donald, and, aſſured that he beheld the ſon of the lord whom from his infancy he had been taught to eſteem, he ſunk at his feet, and embraced his knees with ardour. The young Earl raiſed him from the ground, and, hearing Donald affirm that there were other clans beſides his own ready to revenge the wrongs of the late Earl of Glencoe, he claſped his hand: but the image of his weeping mother croſſed his mind, and he could only aſſure him then, that the time would come when he ſhould accept of his ſervices with the gratitude they deſerved. It was evening when they reached the caſtle, and Donald remained with the Earl that night.

The following day was the celebration of an annual feſtival, aad Allan would not ſuffer his friendly peaſant to depart. Merriment reſounded through the caſtle, and in the morning were performed ſome martial exerciſes, in which emulation was to be excited by appropriate rewards. The Counteſs and her lovely daughter beheld the feats from the caſtle, and were ſurpriſed to ſee the ſtranger Donald bear off each prize of chivalry. He afterwards received the palm of victory from the Earl, and was ſeated by him at the feaſt which followed. At the end of it each gueſt aroſe, and ſeizing his goblet with his left hand, and with his right ſtriking his ſword, drank to the memory of their departed lord; and this was followed by drinking to the honour of the ſon of their late maſter. Allan knew what was required of him, and he harangued them in favour of war and revenge, the whole aſſembly then croſſed their ſwords, and ſwore never to abandon the cauſe which they [illegible]re engaged, till their enemy had paid the debt due to juſtice, and their murdered Chief. In the evening the peaſantry had free ingreſs to the feſtivity of the caſtle, and as it had been an old cuſtom for the daughter of the Chief to dance with the victor of the morning, Matilda and Donald thus became partners, and the admiration of the ſpectators were equally divided between the performaaces of the graceful and modeſt pair. She retired in joy to the gallery, and the night concluded with pleaſure to all but the Earl and Donald. The former burned with filial duty to his father's memory, and reſolved after acquainting Henrietta with his deſign, to riſe and proſecute his cauſe with arms. The boſom of Donald in vain endeavoured to exclude the charming image of his partner. He aroſe at the dawn, and departed from the caſtle with a heart full of love, and eagerly anxious to prepare his friends for the approaching ſtruggle.

The ſame morning Allan informed his mother of his reſolution; it was what her heart had long foreboded, and ſhe ſunk lifeleſs in her chair. Matilda flew to her aſſiſtance, and when ſhe had recovered her mother, they united their ſighs and tears to perſuade Allan to abandon an enterprize that might only terminate fatally for their mutual peace. They talked, however, in vain. Allan held it poſitively to be a duty, and immediately ſummoned a few of the moſt truſty of the clan, who held a council of war, in which it was reſolved that Ancolm ſhould be attacked with all their force; and that to prevent any ſuſpicion, a report ſhould be ſpread they were going to aſſiſt a diſtant chief; that the army ſhould ſet out on a different route, but, under cover of the night, ſuddenly turn aſide, and fall upon the caſtle of Balloch. Donald, in a few days, had collected a number of no inconſiderable conſequence, and animated by the hope of diſtinguiſhing himſelf in the eyes of his miſtreſs, he again appeared at the caſtle, and told the Earl, that himſelf and his followers were ready to follow his ſtandard when called upon.

In a few days after the clan aſſembled in arms, and, the young Earl at their head, departed on the expedition. A very tender adieu took place between the Counteſs and her ſon, and Matilda and Donald. It was evening when the Earl ſet out, purſuing at firſt a wrong route, till night advanced, when they ſuddenly wheeled towards the caſtle of Balloch. Their plan was to ſcale the walls, and burſt their way into the retreat of Ancolm, ſword in hand. When they drew near, they heard a bell ſound, which informed them they were cloſe to the abode of the Baron.—It was now agreed that the Earl, with Donald and a choſen few, ſhould firſt reconnoitre. The edifice was built with Gothic magnificence, upon a high and dangerous rock, which was ſurrounded by a broad moat, over which were two drawbridges, both up. Having pitched upon a ſpot in the rock, which appeared moſt acceſſible, they gave a ſignal to the clan, who advanced, and depoſited their bundles of

faggots in the ditch to form a bridge, over which they paſſed in ſafety; and prepared to mount the heights. It had been reſolved, that Donald, with a ſmall party, ſhould ſcale the walls, ſurpriſe the centinel, and open the gates to the reſt of the clan with the Earl at their head. This ſervice Donald performed, but in the mean time the ſignal of ſurpriſe was given, and the caſtle reſounded with the clang of arms. The Earl, with a part of his people, had entered the gate, when ſuddenly the portcullis fell, the bridge was drawn up; and Allan and his followers found themſelves ſurrounded by a numerous garriſon. The two heroes gallantly cut their way through, and forced themſelves into the inner courts in ſearch of the Baron; but the moment they entered, the gates were cloſed upon them, and they were made priſoners. *(To be Continued.)*

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ON THE DRESS OF WOMEN.

(CONCLUDED)

A DRESS too prudiſh conceals beauty; a coſtume too free proſtitutes it. A Latin poet has obſerved: "I do not like Diana when dreſſed, or Cythera quite naked; one is deſtitute of voleptuouſneſs and the other has too much.

If the ſex intended to imitate the Grecian females they however deviated widely from their decency & their morals. The Grecian women lived extremely retired in impenetrable apartments; their coſtume ſet off their charms without expoſing them. The example of the young girls of Sparta was not followed in other parts of Greece, and the coſtumes handed down to us were thoſe of courtezans; beſides which, it may be eaſily conceived, that the artiſt has allowed himſelf conſiderable liberties. Are we enabled at the preſent day, to judge of the dreſs of our handſome women by the fancy portraits delineated by our painters? And will our deſcendants ſay, that our women went naked, becauſe Madame ***, Madame ***, and Madame ***, cauſed themſelves to be painted in that manner.

Not only was the coſtume of the Grecian females extremely auſtere, but they were ſeldom permitted to appear before men; and Plutarch relates, that Elpinice became an object of univerſal contempt, becauſe ſhe had ſet to Polyenotus, though that artiſt had only drawn a figure after her, the face of which was veiled. It is well known, that the inhabitants of the iſland of Cos refuſed to place in that city the moſt beautiful ſtature that was ever made of the goddeſs of beauty, becauſe ſhe was naked.

People have declaimed in every age againſt nakedneſs, and to what purpoſe? Pleaſantry has always produced a much more powerful effect on the female mind than the ſoundeſt arguments; the ſhafts of ridicule penetrates much deeper than all the artillery of logic. Of this I will quote an example.

About a century ago, the ſame abuſe had gained ground in London—I allude to the naked faſhion in dreſs—but its progreſs appears to have been much more rapid than in Paris. The faſhion at London conſiſted, indeed, not only in wearing robes cut down very deep, but likewiſe in having the petticoats extremely ſhort. In ſpite of the repeated declamations of philoſophers and moraliſts, and perhaps to vex thoſe gentlemen a little, they kept viſibly diminiſhing; from day to day, the top of the robe was obſerved to ſink, and the bottom to riſe, till at length ſtrong apprehenſions were entertained, leſt theſe exceſſive diminutions ſhould exhibit nothing more than the ceſtus of *Venus*, or rather of the girdle of our grandmother *Eve*, the firſt of coſtumes mentioned in the records of hiſtory.

The Guardian, among other journals of the day, had declaimed againſt the innovation, which however only tended to reſtore an ancient cuſtom, and, like the others, its declamations produced nothing but diſguſt, when a letter, ſtated to have been received from one of its correſpondents, made its appearance. This letter, which was written by a woman, rallied the prevailing faſhion in ſo admirable a manner; that for once, wit ſucceeded in its league with morals, and nakedneſs and indecency were put to the rout by the ſhafts of ridicule. What the pulpit could not overthrow, and the ſtage dared not attack, the ſingle effort of a woman accompliſhed through the pages of the Guardian.

In the preſent day it has in vain been conſidered poſſible to induce the ſex to renounce this faſhion, by ſhewing them that they ſacrificed to it the moſt precious advantage; in vain phyſicians have demonſtrated the pernicious effects of nakedneſs upon health; in vain examples, inceſſantly recurring, confirm the precepts of medical ſilence; in vain numerous and intereſting victims ſink beneath a deſtructive faſhion; theſe things only ſtimulate the ſex to expoſe themſelves to ſtill greater dangers. To brave death for glory belongs to the courage of men; to brave it for pleaſure to the courage of women, and women, it muſt be acknowledged, are exceedingly courageous.

MODESTUS.

TITTLETATTLE.

My ſweet fair Creatures!

I WAS born a ſort of a gentleman, for you muſt know my great grandfather was a parſon—and you know a parſon is always *conſidered* a gentleman—and my great grandmother was a parſon's wife.—Theſe were my anceſtors, as my own father and mother tell me. But my father's father did not like the profeſſion of a parſon, ſo he choſe the rural life of a farmer; and my father's mother was a farmer's wife, and that profeſſion deſcended to my father; and he is now a *bit* of a gentleman farmer, and my dear ſweet mother a *bit* of a gentleman farmer's wife—ſo all this makes me a *little bit* of a ſon of a *bit* of a gentleman farmer; ſo much for my pedigree. And dear mother gave me a *little bit* of good education—and I paſs for a gentleman; for I am, be aſſured, a man of *taſte* and *faſhion* (as the phraſe goes); for I'll tell you—I wear my boots black as jet, with cream-coloured tops; or my heſſians with at leaſt fifty wrinkles in them—and large enough to hold beſide my pretty *little* leg (though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it), at leaſt a *peck of bran*; but they are all the go; I have too, the large *inexpreſſibles*; one thigh of which is ſufficient to hold three the ſize of mine; they come below my calf, and button the front of my leg, and reach near my chin—(it's as they wear them). My waiſtcoat is of the neweſt pattern poſſible, and made juſt the tip; my coat of the Bond-ſtreet cut—the ſleeves large enough to contain the arms of *O'Brian* the Iriſh giant; yet the waiſt and ſkirts ſo ſhort, that the hind part appears more calculated for a boy juſt breeched, and, in fact, ſcarcely ſufficient to hide what they ought to conceal; (they are all the rage): My hat is what we term a *ſtonck*—a large wide brim, and a very low crown; and this really makes me look like a *large muſhroom*: (but it's the tippy). Thus far, my ſweet females! you may ſuppoſe I am complete; in fact, what is called a complete fellow. But, alas! I am not a *perfect one*. I have *a want*;—*I want* a beard, and a more manly countenance. *I want* dignity.—*I want* courage. *I want* aſſurance. *I want* intrepidity. *I want* reſolution. *I want*—*I want*—Yes, *I want whiſkers*. O had I but the *whiſkers*, then ſhould I be the happy man! If any of you ſweet little creatures can and will provide a remedy for my *wants*, haſte, haſte to relieve one *fairly* oppreſt; for at preſent, although twenty-two years of age, my face is as *ſmooth* and as *fair* as my ſiſter's.—As for my dear ſweet mother, ſhe beats me hollow; ſhe has many *long hairs* on her chin and face, and when ſhe ſmiles or pouts they ſhine exactly like the *ſweet whiſkers* of a cat. I have *began* to love a young lady, but dare not tell her of it *at preſent*; for I know ſhe hates a man without *whiſkers*. I ſhave, and pomade my chin and face---yet all to *no purpoſe*; and with all my faſhionable dreſs and other accompliſhments, I look exactly like a *great girl* dreſſed up in man's clothes; in fact, ſome of the young ladies in our town call me the *feminine beau*. I hope and truſt my dear female friends, you will earneſtly conſider my misfortune, and inform me, in the next month's Magazine, what I muſt do to obtain a large big pair of *whiſkers*----then, O then, I'll tell my love I love her, and am ſure ſhe will love me; for ſhe often, ah! very often, talks about the *ſweet whiſkers* of the captain in our town; If you will, dear ladies! give a receipt, be aſſured the favour will be conſidered a *heavenly one*. I do aſſure you I am *not an ugly fellow*, take me all in all---but I want, and muſt have, the *whiſkers*.

O ſweet *whiſkers!*
My life for the *whiſkers!*

With the fond hope of obtaining relief by the kind interference of you fair creatures! I conclude in aſſuring you I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

The protector of your dear ſex,
Month. Mag. TOMMY SOFTCHIN.

LOVE REWARDED.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

THE plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the moſt beautiful in the world. They are of a vaſt extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes, or Cordelier-mountains, to the ſea; and are covered with groves of orange-trees and citrons, watered by many ſtreams; one of the principal among which waſhing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean at Callao; which latter place is the ſcene of the following ſtory.

To this city Don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from Old Spain. The father, having borne many high offices in Peru, died, much eſteemed and honoured, rather than rich.--- The young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very violent paſſion for Donna Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of Callo, at that time the beſt port in the weſtern world.

But though the young lady, who was reputed the moſt accompliſhed perſon in the Indies, returned his affections, he met with an inſuperable difficulty in

thé avarice and inflexibility of the father; who preferring wealth to every other conſideration, abſolutely refuſed his conſent; and at length the unfortunate lover ſaw himſelf under the neceſſity of returning to his native country, the moſt miſerable of all beings, torn away for ever from all that he held dear.

He is now on board, in the port of Callo; the ſhip ready to ſail for Spain; the wind fair; the crew all employed; the paſſengers rejoicing in the expectation of ſeeing once more the place of their nativity. Amid the ſhouts and acclamations with which the whole bay reſounded, Mendoza ſat upon deck overwhelmed with ſorrow, beholding thoſe walls in which he had left the only perſon who could have made him happy. A thouſand tender, a thouſand melancholy, thoughts poſſeſſed his mind.

In the mean time, the ſerenity of the ſky is diſturbed; ſudden flaſhes of lightning dart acroſs, which, increaſing, fill the whole air with flame; a noiſe is heard from the bowels of the earth, at firſt low and rumbling, but growing louder, and ſoon exceeding the roaring of the moſt violent thunder. This was inſtantly followed by a trembling of the earth; the firſt ſhocks were of ſhort continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The ſea ſeemed to be thrown up into the ſky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The Cordeliers, the higheſt mountains of the earth, ſhook to their foundation, and burſting open, with a ſound that appeared to portend a total diſſolution of nature, deluged the ſubject plains with fire, and threw rocks of immenſe magnitude into the air. The houſes, arſenals, and churches of Callao tottered from ſide to ſide, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Thoſe who had not periſhed in this manner you might ſee, of every age and ſex, ruſhing into the ſtreets and public roads; but even there was no ſafety; the whole earth was in motion. Nor was the ocean leſs diſturbed. The ſhips in the harbour were ſome of them torn from their anchors, ſome of them ſwallowed up by the waves, ſome daſhed on the rocks, many thrown ſeveral miles up into the land—The whole city of Callao, late ſo flouriſhing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, diſappeared; being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in exploſion, by minerals burſting from the entrails of the earth. Vaſt quantities of ſpoils, of furniture and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating ſome leagues off at ſea.

In the midſt of this aſtoniſhing confuſion, Mendaza was perhaps the only perſon unconcerned for himſelf. He beheld the whole tremendous ſcene from the deck of his ſhip, which was one of the few that rode out the tempeſt, frightened only for the deſtruction falling on his beloved Cornelia; and he mourned her fate as unavoidable; little rejoicing at his own ſafety, ſince life had now become a burden. After the ſpace of an hour this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained her ſtability, the ſky its calmneſs.—He then beholds, cloſe by the ſtern of hisſhip, floating upon an olive-tree, to a bow of which ſhe clung, one in the dreſs of a female. He was touched with compaſſion; he haſtened to her relief; he finds her yet breathing, and raiſed her up. How unſpeakable was his aſtoniſhment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented, Cornelia! the manner of whoſe miraculous eſcape is thus recorded.

In this wreck of nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fiſhes were borne up into the mid land, and trees and houſes and men into the deep, it happened that the fair Cornelia was hurried into the ſea, together with the tree to which, in the beginning of the commotion, ſhe had clung, and was thrown up by the ſide of that very ſhip which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind—the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderneſs; words cannot expreſs them.

O, thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully was thy love rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair. Haſte! bear with thee to thy native Spain thy ineſtimable prize! Return no leſs juſtly triumphant than did formerly the illuſtrious Cortez, loaded with the ſpoils of Montezuma, the treaſures of a newly diſcovered world.

N. B. The above ſtory, however marvellous, is grounded on real fact, and might appear incredible, if a paralliel event had not happened before in one of our own colonies, at Port-Royal, in Jamaica. A perſon then preſerved in the ſame wonderful manner returned to theſe iſlands, and lived here many years, well known, and an object of great and juſt curioſity. See Philoſophical Tranſactions, No. 209.

—oooo— *Lon. Mag.*

A lady who had not received a very liberal education, or rather, who had not profited by the opportunities afforded her in polite ſociety, of making amends for the want of early inſtruction, was frequently guilty of vulgariſms in expreſſion which did not always paſs unnoticed. She was invited to join a large party, and card tables being placed, ſhe was aſked if ſhe would make one in a rubber at whiſt; ſhe anſwered with a curtſey, that ſhe ſeldom played *viſk*, that ſhe played *vonce*, and then they *von* all ſhe *vas vorth*, ſo ſhe preferred *padrill*. A pool at quadrille was of courſe immediately formed, and after a deal or two, this lady having a better hand than uſual, when it came to her turn to ſpeak, ſaid, "I ax." "Bleſs me, madam!" ſaid a wicked young ſpark, whoſe turn came next, "I had a moſt delightful hand, but your *ax* has cut it to pieces."

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ORIGINAL.

ENIGMATICAL LIST

Of Young Ladies in Boston.

1.—The God of War, and Twenty Hundred Weight ——2.—The reverſe of Empty, a Vowel and a Conſonant ——3.—Three ſixths of to confuſe, and a male deſcendant.——4—A term uſed for a narrow paſs-way ——5.—He who conquored the world.—6.—The initials of the antient meaſurement of time, and being uſhered into exiſtence.——7.—Three ſixths of a woman's chriſtian name, and a male fowl ——8—A melodious bird that ſings only in the night.—9.—The reverſe of Little, a Vowel, and the reverſe of high.

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EPAMINONDAS the *Thebian* General, having received in fight a mortal ſtab with a ſword, which was left in his body, lay in that poſture 'till he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which inſtant he expreſſed himſelf in this manner; *This is not the end of my life, my Fellow-Soldiers; it is now your* Epaminondas *is born, who dies in ſo much Glory.*

LOVE.

Love is that noble, genial, and warm affection of mind, excited by amiable objects, that, while it exalts the ſoul, communicates inexpreſſible delight to every part of the human frame. It is the ſoul of virtue, the divinity that ſtirs within us, the grand enjoyment of ſuperior natures; a great portion of which mankind are ſuffered to participate; it was the ſpring of creation, and continues to ſupport it. From this ſource an infinite variety of ſtreams branch forth. It is piety, devotion, philanthrophy, charity, benevolence, friendſhip; and in fine, it is that paſſion peculiar to the human ſpecies, which, from its ſuperior liveline, obtains the very name of LOVE.

This laſt ſpecies of LOVE is a paſſion of the mind depending, however, on the diſtinction of ſex, and is the emotion that is raiſed by qualities in the object, which excite the higheſt pleaſurable ſenſations. It is ſometimes a pure, but oftener a mixed paſſion. It is nobler when pure, but not culpable when it is mixed. In the former, the happineſs of its object is the higheſt gratification; in the latter, ſelfiſh deſires predominate. The mixed paſſion is ſo agreeable to the mixed nature of mankind, and ſo attractive, that the purer, being with difficulty diſtinguiſhable, becomes the object of ſuſpicion; and indeed the exiſtence of platonic love is nearly baniſhed from the belles of polite ſociety.

THE VISITOR.

BOSTON:—FEBRUARY—XIV—MDCCCVII.

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The higheſt prize, *Fifteen Thouſand Dollars*, is the firſt drawn blank, on Tueſday next.—Expectation is on the wing—Time only can determine who is the lucky or unlucky perſon.—Is not this a portrait of many purchaſers?

Diſmal he looks...ſtruts forth with ſolemn gloom;
And ever and anon he frowns...folds up his arms...
Paces with quicken'd ſteps the floor...For what?
Why, who could think it? 'cauſe he's drawn a *blank!*

—oooooooo—

Boſton Theatre.

MRS. STANLEY'S FIRST BENEFIT.

On Monday Evening next, will be preſented the much admired comedy in five acts, called,

School for Scandal.

Lady Teazle, - - - Mrs. Stanley.
An Original Epilogue, written expreſsly for the occaſion, - - By Mrs. Stanley.
Preceding the Farce, the admired ſong of "Steady ſhe Goes," - - Mr. Fox.
Between the acts of the Farce,
Collins' Ode on the Paſſions. - Mrs. Stanley.
To which will be added a Farce in 2 acts, called,

Two Strings to your Bow.

Lazarillo, - - - - - Mr. Bernard.

MARRIED.

In Cambridge, Rev. Henry Ware, D. D. Profeſſor of Divinity, in Harvard Univerſity, to Miſs Mary Lincoln.—In Ipſwich, Mr. Jonathan C. Kimball, to Miſs Mary Lord

In this town, Mr John Heard, to Miſs Suſan Willard.—Mr. Charles Taylor, to Miſs Hannah Jones Welles.

DIED,

At Waſhington, Col. Thomas Waſhington, an officer in the revolution.—In Shereham, Vt. Jacob Atwood, aged 56.

POETRY.

(Original.)

TO ***** ******.

WHEN firſt I ſaw thy lovely face,
And gaz'd upon thy charms,
Within my trembling breaſt aroſe,
Fears, doubts and fond alarms.

In vain I ſought to find repoſe,
In vain I wiſh'd for peace;
But, ah! no "ſolace to my woes,"
From ſorrow gave releaſe.

Too ſoon, alas! my fooliſh heart
Found that my fears were true;
For whereſoe'er my footſteps led,
My mind was ſtill with you.

Whether I roam the loneſome ſtreet,
At midnight's dreary hour,
Or hie where ſocial circles meet
To cheriſh friendſhip's power:

Whether in diſſipation's train,
I ſeek to baniſh care,
Still thy lov'd form ſhines on my view,
And finds me, even there.

What! though thy *Friendſhip* I poſſeſs,
Yet let me dare preſume,
On Friendſhip's ſtalk the flowers of *Love*
May yet ſpring forth and bloom.

With thee I'd paſs the changing ſcenes
Of life's ſhort journey e'er,
With THEE, misfortunes' billows, brave,
Nor dread the *Syren's* pow'r.

O! then, lov'd nymph, in pity hear
Your ſuppliant's humble prayer;
Who ne'er can taſte of heavenly peace,
'Till thou ſhalt lead him there. N. H. W.

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

An Epigrammatic Tale.

IT chanc'd one day as through the ſtreet
I trudg'd—in hopes ſome friend to meet,
Diſpos'd to kill an hour,
In ſocial chat, o'er pipe and glaſs,
And laugh at all the humdrum claſs,
Whom cynic precepts four:

And make a jeſt of trifling things,
Which rouſe the gall of Lords and Kings,
But never yet ſtirr'd mine:
And interchange a ſportive thought,
From fancy's ſtorehouſe, promptly fraught
As wit gives zeſt to wine:

Before me puſh'd, in thrifty pace,
One, whom I thought the ſelf-ſame chaſe,
Had led in queſt of ME;
His ſhape, his dreſs, his gait the ſame,
As honeſt —— —— you'll excuſe his name,
But I'd have ſworn 'twas HE.

But when on ſhoulder, I my hand
Clapp'd hard, to bring him to a ſtand,
With—"How now, honeſt Ned!"
He turn'd and frown'd, and ſilence broke,
His cheek all pallid while he ſpoke,
And mine ſuffus'd with red!

"What means this freedom, Sir?"—Gad ſo!
"Your pardon, ſir," ſays I—"I trow,
"We're all to error prone;
"My blind miſtake with favor ſcan,
"I toook you for another man,
"I've been to blame, I own."

"Sir,"! ſays the wight with gallows brow,
"And ſuch a cut-throat face, I vow
As made me almoſt quake;
"I am not him you took me for,
"So take more care in future,
"Beware your next miſtake."

"I thank you, Sir, but faith," ſays I,
"I took your Worſhip, by the bye,
"Before I ſaw your phiz,
"For a good honeſt hearty blade,
"Whoſe looks would no beholder dread,
"For ſuch HIS aſpect is."

"His aſpect, Sir! And why not MINE?"
"Dear Sir," ſays I, "Pray don't opine,
"That I am over nice;
"But if, —— as one miſtake I've own'd,
"An honeſt man, in YOU I've found,
"I've been miſtaken twice!"

TIPPLING TOM THE TAPSTER.

An Epigram.

TO eaſe his heart of ſorrow's load,
And *lighten* all his cares;
Poor Tom took off the Tipler's road,
Adown the cellar ſtairs.

Where from the butt's exhil'rent ſtore,
His gloomy brow got brighten'd;
And e'er nine months were paſs'd and o'er,
Both of their load were *lighten'd*.

When lo! all on a ſummer's day,
Juſt after thundery weather;
Tom and his maſter took their way,
T' examine ſtock together.

For mild and ſtale, the landlord fear'd,
Had had the wayward luck,
Amid the clatt'ring peals he'd heard,
To get all thunderſtruck!

So Tom was ſent in inner vault,
Where ſtood two fav'rite taps;
Which Fleece well hop'd was free from fault,
And ſav'd from all miſhaps.

And while he broach'd each outer butt,
All fearful, ſad, and ſober;
Leſt clouds, in late combuſtion put,
Had ſpoilt his dear October.

Sly Tom ruſh'd out, with looks aghaſt,
And to the landlord's coſt,
Rapp'd out an oath, "'Twixt peal and blaſt,
"Your fav'rite ſtore is loſt.

"For one," ſays Tom, "event moſt dread,
"Moſt awful, and moſt fright'ning;
"One caſk is ſtruck, with thunder, dead
"And one dry'd up with light'ning.

ORIGINAL.

EVERY man ought ſo to conduct, (in any capacity of life) as not to have his conſcience upraid him, in any degree, either for neglect, or overacting his duty. But how different are the actions of men? How do they correſpond with this precept? In an entire thoughtleſſneſs of conſcience, juſtice and every thing ſacred; puſhing forward in *the buſtle of the world*, without reflecting on any thing further than the gratification of their own ſelfiſh deſign, or the accompliſhment of ſome lucrative motive—the reflection ſcarce enters their mind, that there is a hereafter, where *juſtice* is held ſacred and *virtue* reigns triumphant.—But nature—reaſon—every thing teaches that there is ſuch an aſylum! We ought then to keep this in view, let Reaſon dictate our thoughts—let Wiſdom govern our words—and Conſcience rule our actions; Then ſhall we lead a happy probational life; have an unregreted exit; and triumphantly enter the haven of happineſs.

(Selected.)

WHEN *Phocoin's* good actions had met with the reward from his country, and he was led to death with many of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking compoſedly towards the place of execution, how gracefully does he ſupport his illuſtrious character to the very laſt inſtant! One of the rabble, ſpitting at him as he paſſed, with his uſual authority he called to know, if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himſelf. When a poor-ſpirited creature that died at the ſame time for his crimes bemoaned himſelf unmanfully, he rebuked him with this queſtion, Is it no conſolation to ſuch a man as thou art to die with *Phocion?* At the inſtant he was to die, they aſked what commands he had for his ſon; he anſwered, To forget this injury of the *Athenians*. *Niocles*, his friend, under the ſame ſentence, deſired he might drink the potion before him; *Phocion* ſaid, becauſe he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the moſt difficult requeſt he had ever made.

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